

Pasta

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THE
MURMURERS.
A
POEM.

*O fortunati nimium, bona si sua nôrint
Angligenæ!*



L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Baldwin. M DC LXXXIX.

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MURMURERS.

A
POEM.

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Anglice!



LONDON.

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The Preface to all the World.

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and Abiram are only **Heb** and take in all the Mur-

PREFACE

rant about I mean by Phinehas; and is but too well

To all the

WORLD.

AS I am not much oblig'd t'ye, so I don't much value your Censures, being a sort of a little Murmurer my self. And if you are as angry with me as I with you, 'twill be no great matter; for scold as loud as you please, I'm sure I shall be far enough out of hearing. However, I'd part as civilly as I can, and therefore don't much care if I've a word or two with you before I leave you. — For my Poem, take it as you find it. The Subject wou'd have born much better, and I'm sure you have read much worse. For most of the Characters, they are so plain, if you are but Book-learn'd enough to be out of your Horn-book, you may guess who I mean

The Preface to all the World.

mean by 'em. I don't care if I tell you Corah, Dathan,
and Abiram are only Rebels, and take in all the Mur-
murers, by whatever Names or Titles. By Balaam
Mr. Bays, I mean your Worship! None can be igno-
rant whom I mean by Phinehas; and 'tis but too well
known who Aaron is. Sans Ceremony,

D. J. R. Q. W. F. REWEL,

From aboard his Majesties

Perhaps for ever.

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The Murmurers:

A

P O E M.

UNgrateful *Israel*, whom no *Charms* can bind,
 No *Terrors* fright into a better mind:
 Thy own, and all Humanity's Disgrace:
 Ah, sinful, stiff-neck'd, moody, murmuring Race!
 Doting on Miseries, in love with Pains!
 Like thee were ever any mad for Chains?
 Where are thy Groans when with the Bricks oppress?
 Where all those sighs that heav'd thy lab'ring breast?
 When without Straw thou thy full tale must pay,
 Lamenting all the night, and fainting all the day;
 When bending underneath th' unequal load,
 Thy gasping Vows and Prayers conquer'd God?
 So soon, alas! so soon hast thou forgot
 Th' ungrateful Tyrant's cursed Wiles and Plot,
 When bloody *Pharao* wou'd at once destroy
 Each Father's pride, each Mothers tears and joy.
 When *Israel*'s hopes must Sacrifices be,
 Black Tyrant! to thy savage Gods and thee:
 Fit Gods for such a King, --- the Crocodile,
 And all the monstrous Spawn of teeming *Nile*.

Yet hear! for Heaven in mercy still delights:
 O hear the Prophet, ere the Angel smites.
 See *Israel*, see, what favours thou hast found
 From *Egypt*'s Court! see each ignoble wound,

B

Incorrigible

Incorrigible Slaves! See the foul track
 Of Whips and Burdens worn on every back;
 Remember, — 'tis not yet, nor yet too late,
 Yet step aside, and shun impending Fate.
 Not even *Pharao's* Crown can veil or hide
 His Perjury, his Cruelty, and Pride.
 Even *Lucifer* was sacred ere he fell,
 But now the Wretch reigns absolute in Hell.
 O that a King had never been so base!
 Or truth wou'd let us hide or change his Face.
 Why will his *Murmurers* thus their Lord expose,
 And rob of that small Fame he has yet to lose?
 'Twas never yet thought Sacrilege to raise
 An Idol-Fane, but rather merits praise:
 Or who, besides their Priests, will count it Sin
 To burn the *Dev'lish* Gods ador'd therein?
 By sure Succession *Pharao* fill'd the Throne,
 His Race and Name to ancient *Abraham* known;
 Tho his officious Courtiers call'd to his aid
 Long Dynasties before the World was made.

Thus, downwards, did his Daughter *Scota* grace
 (The first blest Monarch of the *Irish* Race)
 His Daughter, nor could *Aps* give a Son,
 Tho Heaven sent *Moses*, his adopted one,
 The Daughter sav'd him must her Father drown,
 And made him Heir to the *Egyptian* Crown;
 Tho that too weak a bait for *Moses* prov'd,
 Too well he *Israel's* God and *Israel* lov'd.
 His injur'd Peoples woes too well he knew,
 Too well he saw, and seeing felt 'em too.
 He saw each Privilege and Grant was vain
 Confirm'd in any other *Pharao's* Reign,
 When the fair Compact was with *Israel* made,
 And in blest *Goshen* they might freely trade.
 Good *Joseph* now forgot, and all he did
 In Clouds of Court-Oblivion wrapt and hid:
 Altho too high his Gratitude had flown,
 And made the Country Slaves to raise the Throne,
 New Task-masters thro *Egypt* sent he saw,
 And *Pharao's* Will was their unrighteous Law.

Israel

Israel they ground, still made the Land more thin,
 And suck'd the last free drop of Blood therein.
 He saw the brutish Idols they ador'd,
 Which all their Rivers, Fields, and Gardens stor'd:
 And *Apis*, who while Flowers and Herbs they strew'd,
 The lazy Lubbar-God divinely low'd.
 These miseries he saw, and all the rest,
 And deep revolv'd in his sagacious breast.
 He saw those happy days approach, foretold
 So oft in holy Oracles of old,
 When happy *Israel* shou'd be Slaves no more,
 Nor Idol-Kings, nor Idol-Gods adore;
 No more their stupid Patience now be shown,
 Nor labor in those Kingdoms not their own.
 Own'd a fair Cause, nor wou'd the Tyrant please
 For all the charms of Grandeur or of Ease.
 He lov'd Reproach which did from Virtue rise,
 For this he *Egypt's* Treasures did despise:
 And when a curs'd *Egyptian* dar'd to smite
 A Soul-less, poor, oppress'd *Israelite*,
 Unfear'd, he'd generously take his part,
 And stab th' insulting faithless Wretches heart.
 In *Egypt's* Wisdom skill'd, what they conceal'd
 Even at one glance his piercing eyes reveal'd.
 How many deep and noble Truths impress'd
 In mystic Figures on his Royal Breast!
 Nor cou'd all *Phar's* dark Magicians find
 The Secrets of his Hieroglyphic Mind.
 Grave in his Words, deliberate, wise, and slow,
 Wise as his Thoughts, but fast his Actions flow.
 Thus Heaven's own Thunders murmur long and wide,
 Ere they the Clouds, or guilty Man divide;
 But in a moment, when the bolt's let fly,
 Burst thro the Air, rattle round Earth and Sky.
 Oft was his Courage known, and try'd before,
 Near *Meroe* stain'd with *Ethiopian* Gore.
 When that proud King whole Worlds of Men had pour'd
 Thro trembling *Nile*, and half the Land devour'd,
 He met, and check'd his growing rage and pride,
 And drove him back thro Regions wast and wide

To the Recesses of his sun-burnt Soil,
 As distant as the head of his own Nile.
 And when return'd, with all these Trophies won,
 As unconcern'd appear'd as if he'd nothing done.
 Yet after this cou'd quietly retreat
 From all the noisie Triumphs of the Great,
 With Laurels tired, with Trophies over-press'd,
 In God-like Solitude divinely blest.
 Thee, Sinai-Mount, and Horeb Hills he trod,
 And in the flaming Thicket talk'd with God.
 There he Instructions had, and Courage too
 For all the mighty things he was to do.
 He came to drive and purge the guilty Land,
 No Sword, no Spear, adorn'd or fenc'd his hand,
 He only wav'd about the wondrous Wand,
 He came, — th' Egyptian Gods before him fell,
 And knew, and fled the God of Israel.
 The trembling Waves no longer now cou'd stay,
 His dread Commands the trembling Waves obey;
 Back back they roll, and shew the secret way
 Where great Leviathan his Court did keep,
 And all the scaly Horrors of the Deep.
 Their ancient Beds and Palaces they leave,
 Which now more civil, humane Guests receive;
 Grin thro the Crystal Walls, but cannot enter there,
 Their monstrous teeth they gnash, their monstrous eye-balls glare.

Look back, glad Israel, now thou'rt safely o'er,
 And see all Egypt stretch'd around the shore.
 On every Sand and Rock expos'd they lay,
 And all their Riches left, a second Prey.
 Now more deform'd than even by Nature made,
 Whilst a dead Pale did their old Black invade.
 Grasping a Javelin here's a Carcass seen,
 With the same face, the same fierce angry mien
 With which he dy'd: there stretch'd upon the Sand
 Another lies with threatening eyes and hand;
 Who grin'd imperfect Murmurs as he fell,
 And thro the hissing Ocean sunk to Hell.

And

And now, on Mother Nature's firmer Land
 The mighty Leader of the chosen Band
 Safely arriv'd, with grateful Heart and Tongue
 Thus he, and thus deliver'd Israel sung:

Hymns of praise, glad Israel, sing
 To our Saviour and our King.
 Make your Songs and make your Boasts
 Of the glorious Lord of Hosts,
 Who triumphantly does ride
 Over conquer'd Egypt's pride.
 From his Chariot in the Cloud
 He beholds and scorns the proud.
 Down the thundring Horses fall,
 Down the Rider, Horse and all,
 And their Rendezvous keep
 In the bosom of the Deep.

Thou, Jehova, art our King,
 Thou our strength, and thee we'll sing.
 Thou our God alone shalt be,
 Our Salvation's only thee.
 To thee we'll lofty Temples raise,
 And ever sing Jehova's praise,
 Show his Acts and mighty Powers,
 Our Fathers God as well as ours.
 In our God we'll make our boasts,
 Our God alone's the Lord of Hosts:
 That's his name by which he's known,
 That's his name, and his alone.
 Pharaoh's Chariots, Egypt's Pride,
 And all their Host, are scatter'd wide.
 On the barren Beach they're cast,
 On the Rocks in pieces dash'd,
 Whilst their mangled Limbs and Gore
 Double-dye the sanguine shore.
 Down they like a Mill-stone fell,
 Down they sunk as deep as Hell.
 Worlds of Water drive away,
 And shut out the distant day.

Wide and vast is thy Command,
Glorious, Lord, is thy right hand:
Thy right hand thy foes sure fate,
Crush'd beneath its vengeful weight.

All thy vain relucting Foes

Soon thy mighty Arm derbrows.

All that stubble dare engage

To meet and fight thy fury rage:

Soon must all their Strength expire

Who wrestle with consuming Fire.

The Voice of God the Waves can stay,

His Voice the trembling Waves obey

Equal with the Cliffs on shore

Their solid Mountains break no more.

Heaps on heaps they climb and rise,

Till they reach the leaning Skies:

Liquid Marble's solid grown,

And all the Sea one Crystal stone.

Sure the Foe did Conquest make;

Thus he boasted, thus he spake,

I'll pursue and I'll o'ertake:

I'll the trembling Spoil divide,

Glut my Lust, and glut my Pride;

I my conqu'ring Sword will draw,

That my Justice, that my Law.

Drunk with Blood the Glutton shall

Smite, destroy, devour 'em all.

Ah, how weak must Mortals be

When they dare contend with thee!

Thou a thousand Rods canst find,

And they are weaker than the Wind.

Thou did'st cause thy Wind to blow,

And thou did'st cause thy Sea's overflow:

Down like Lead i'th Waves they fell,

Down they sunk as deep as Hell.

Who o'th' Gods compar'd can be,

Who, O Lord, is like to thee!

Thee thy groveling worms confesse

Glorious in thy Holiness,

Awful in that praise we give

To him we cannot see and live,

Since

Since ev'n the Seraph when he sings
 Veils his Face with both his Wings.
 Nature knows thy dread right hand,
 And obeys her Lord's Command:
 Nor content, the greedy Waves,
 In their dark Wombs to make their Graves }
 Further down they roll the Slaves
 Under Earths unfathom'd Cell,
 Where the Mother Waters dwell,
 Where horrid Night her Court does keep
 Among the Fountains of the Deep:
 But in mercy forth thou'lt led
 That dear Flock which thou hast fed,
 From the shades of hanging Night
 Brought 'em out to lovely Light,
 And shalt guide by thy right hand
 To their bless'd, their promis'd Land,
 Whilst the Nations round shall hear,
 Shook with grief, and froze with fear,
 Thee, proud Realm of Palestin
 And all the Anakims therein.

Edom's Dukes in vain shall claim
 Their Warlike Fathers mighty name:
 They and Moab's Heroes too,
 Amaz'd, both know not what to do,
 Whilst thy curs'd Offspring, Canaan, run
 And melt as Snow before the Sun:
 Fear and dread their Arms shall charm
 By the greatness of thy Arm:
 Till as Stones or Lead they lie,
 While thy chosen Folk pass by;
 While they pass unsprinkled o'er
 To wondring Jordan's distant shore.
 Them thou'lt bring, and them advance
 To thine own Inheritance;
 To those paths by Abraham trod
 In the holy Mount of God;
 In the place which thou hast made,
 In the Cherub's golden shade,
 Where thou dost delight to dwell,
 And bless thy own lov'd Israel;

In that Sanctuary where
 Thou with a peculiar care
 Scatter'st Blessings wide and fast,
 Blessings which shall ever last;
 Blessings which shall still remain,
 And last as long as thou shalt reign.

And with glad Omens now the chosen Seed
 For happy Canaan's blissful Regions speed,
 The Way but short, the Road direct and fair,
 Wine, Oyl, and Milk, and Honey wait 'em there;
 Trophies and Laurels, and a fertile Soil,
 The wish'd Reward of all their former Toil.
 What can obstruct 'em now? — the Egyptian Host,
 Pharao and all his Army's broke and lost.
 For that rank Diet Egypt would afford,
 Those Onions which defil'd and spread their Board,
 From Heaven's own Table they were now maintain'd,
 And round their Tents celestial Manna rain'd:
 Manna, that gustful, that miraculous meat,
 That best, that wondrous Food which Angels eat.
 Pure and sincere, no relish of gross Earth,
 The taste, th' effects, confess its heav'nly birth:
 No Pains from hence, no sad Diseases flow,
 As from our drossy mortal Food below;
 Enough for all, enough for none to waste,
 And still agreeable to every Taste:
 The Quintessence of all that's good and sweet,
 Noble or high, or grateful, in it meet.
 The News the Heathen Nations did confound,
 And scatter'd Terror far and wide around.
 Israel in Safety dwelt, in Peace and Bliss,
 Moses their Leader, as an Angel his.
 What further cou'd their Happiness destroy,
 Allay their Pleasure, or disturb their Joy,
 When the long-wish'd, long-promis'd Time appears,
 And brought, in decent Ranks, the harness'd Years?
 Heav'n is their Friend, obsequious Earth bows low
 To be their Slave. — None but themselves their Foe.
 On cluster'd Jordan's Rivage now they stand,
 And just beyond survey blest Canaan's Land.

Rivers

Rivers of Honey and of *Nectar* glide
 Along the laughing Fields, and by their side,
 Here creep sweet Flow'rs, there climbs the lofty Vine
 Whose ponderous Grapes are big with generous Wine.

Here trembling Nations on their Knees await
 Those Masters long before decreed by Fate.
 O Joy, O Glory! Warriors noble Pride!
 When *Israel's* Sons o'er captive Kings shall ride:
 Them at *Megiddo*, or at *Jabesh* meet,
 And crush their stubborn Necks beneath their Feet.
 Scarce is their choice to dye, or to obey,
Sihon and *Og* already lead the way.
 But ah! too soon the blooming hopes were cross'd
 And all their freshly springing Laurels lost:
 Heav'n ne'er necessitates to good or ill,
 Nor will it save Mankind against his Will.
 The giddy Crowd resolve to conquer Fate,
 And both their *Manna*, and their *Canaan* hate;
 From their long-wish'd Salvation fain wou'd fly,
 Sigh, weep, and murmur still, they know not why.
 Some by the Genius of their Nation spoil'd,
 And ruin'd by a Heav'n too calm and mild;
Jesurun kick'd, because too fat and fair,
 Nor wou'd the wanton Wretch his Master spare;
 • *Moses* was meek, which they interpret dull,
 And Heav'n was blind, because 'twas merciful.
 For *Pharao* and *Apis* they lament again,
 And rather chuse a Stork than Log should reign:
 Wretches! of a forgiving Prince take care,
 Long my urg'd Goodness how ye tempt beware:
 Remember ancient *Kishon's* blushing Shore
 O'erflown with Idol-dust and Rebels Gore.
 Serpents and Plagues the disobedient wait,
 Or gaping Earth presents a blacker Fate.
 Out of meer dullness others damn'd wou'd be,
 And others out of meer civility,
 Pity, they thought, to spoil good Company.
 Before the golden Calf they blindly bow,
 And grop'd the way to Hell, they knew not how.

Old malleable Block-heads others are,
 Born with a Back and Ears like *Iffachar*;
 Since Rest is good, why should they not lie still,
 Let their old Masters load 'em how they will?
 Tho' not long since those Burdens did displease,
 And then how did they bray to Heav'n for Ease;
 To any other shape desir'd to pass,
 A Horse, a Swine, any thing but an Ass.
 Others, tho' in their Hearts *Egyptians* still,
 From *Egypt* crowded up against their Will;
 Ith' wondrous Turn born swiftly down the Stream,
 And only thought the Miracle a Dream,
 Wak'd from th' Amaze, look back to *Nile's* rich Shore,
 And still, in secret, *Egypt's* Gods adore.
 Plain Cowards others, *Egypt's* Threats they hear,
 And backwards look, not out of love, but fear.
 (Ridiculous Fools, — nor e'er were Cowards wise.)
 Lest *Pharao* and his Host again shou'd rise.
 Their hands to Bricks, and not to Swords enur'd,
 They'd hedge their Betts, on either side secur'd.
 True Bats, whom yet no Side nor Standard knows,
 Those *Beasts of Birds* are neither Friends nor Foes.
 Some, who old *Pharao's* Task-masters were made,
 Nor cou'd with ease forget their ancient Trade,
 Defend their Deeds, and wou'd repeat the same,
 And long to be again at their old Game.
 The *Sanhedrim's* Revenge some justly dread,
 And *Moses* Sword that glitters o'er their Head,
 On further Ills precipitately run
 To make those safe which they've already done.
 Wickedly pious, others think it Sin
 To shake those Shackles off they've once been in:
 Unconscionably good, their want of Sense
 And Courage both they charge on Providence;
 They'll give it leave to fix a Tyrant's Crown,
 And set him up, but not to pull him down.
 When Deaths and Plagues it brings, they must submit,
 But not if it thinks Peace and Plenty fit.
 They a mere *Moloch* make of *Israel's* God,
 And give no Scepter, but an Iron Rod.

Those who against God's Laws and Man's rebel,
 And take their Power not from Heav'n, but Hell;
 (For the All-good wou'd ne'er his Creatures bind
 To what's a general Curse to all Mankind,)
 These Devils, like the *Indians*, they adore,
 Nay worse than them, still beg they'd plague 'em more.
 Their stiff-neck'd Asses Loyalty they boast,
 Proud of that Skin which they've by *bearing* lost;
 As Highway Beggars groveling on the ground,
 Take pride t' expose some nauseous, stinking Wound:
 If you'd to Hospitals the Wretches bear
 They'll scorn your Kindness, and rot *cheaper* there.
 But if some God-like Hero Heav'n provide,
 And sends him thundring from th' Almighty's side,
 Bad Men to crush, and Virtuous to reward,
 With Troops of Angels for his glorious Guard,
 To save a sinking Nation, State and Laws
 From sure Destructions greedy rav'ning Jaws,
 Their cross-grain'd Piety still comes i'th' way,
 Flounces, and starts, and chafes, and won't obey.
 Th' other Extream, less gravely mad than these,
 In truth, God more than *Moses* does displease;
 Ten whole Commands? If this Religion be,
 Ev'n *Pharao* made 'em easier Slaves than he.
 What tho' thick Clogs on Necks and Legs they wore,
 They then might creditably Swear and Where:
 They needs must say the generous Tyrant still
 Left 'em free liberty of doing ill.
 No *Shelomith's* Son for Blasphemy was ston'd,
 No bleeding *Zimri* e'er in *Egypt* groan'd.
 Less bad than these, for Honor some contend,
 So long offending they'r ashamed to mend.
 Humanity's too common Weakness known,
 Which all experience, tho' but few will own.
 Some who stood firm for *Israel's* Liberty,
 Alter'd, nor they, nor all the World know why;
 Whether from secret Emulation sprung
 Th' unhappy Change, or from some pois'nous Tongue;
 Or whether more to Rest by Age inclin'd,
 Infirm'd alike in Body and in Mind.

How

How vain a thing is Greatness, and the blast
 Of pop'lar Fame? how short a while they last?
 'Tis dang'rous to be high, for Mortals then,
 Almost the Envy grow of Gods and Men.
 Great *Aaron* was i'th' holy Vestments clad,
 The first High-priest that e'er sav'd *Israel* had;
 The holy Oyl in plenteous Streams was shed,
 The holy Mitre grac'd his rev'rend Head;
Urim and *Thummim* did his Breast adorn,
 The holy Ephod on his Shoulders worn:
Aaron, who dar'd fierce *Pharao* meet, and tell
 The Grievances of groaning *Israel*.
 Who then like him durst stem the raging Tide
 Of *Egypt's* Cruelty, Despair, and Pride?
 Th' ungrateful Tyrant's still returning Rod:
 The Mouth of *Moses*, and the Mouth of God.
 O Father! O sad *Israel's* Grief and Love,
 Why didst thou move so far, or why no farther move?
 Curst be that Son, and he deserves no less
 Who dares disclose his Father's *Nakedness*;
 Tho' *Israel* too, by *Aaron's* naked made,
 When they forsaken *Egypt's* Gods obey'd.
 O draw a Veil, a thick, a dusky cloud,
 Before the Calf, before the kneeling Crowd.
 The stiff-neck'd Crowd, which has no Grace, no Shame,
 No Sense, no Weight, no Reason, but thy Name.
 Why shoud we hear? Why shoud we see and live,
 That deep, deep Stain which Heav'n can ne'er forgive?

Unrein thy Satyr, Muse, and give a vent
 To all thy just Revenge and Discontent.
Corah is next, nor can we him abuse;
 May *Corah's* spiteful Soul inspire my Muse.
 Pride and Ambition in his Bosom dwell,
 And all the twisted Fiends of Earth and Hell.
 Revenge and Envy, and his Lusts defeat,
 And every Fury that attends the Great.
 He was, he wou'd be so—tho' near the Throne,
 Wou'd juttle out his Prince and reign alone.
 Jehova the pretence, tho' he'd not care,
 Nor blush, tho' ev'n Jehova's self were there.

The

The old Idolatry he has refin'd,
 God in his Mouth, but *Apis* in his Mind.
 ' The Congregation's holy, (that's the Tool
 ' With which he works) and why shou'd *Moses* rule?
 ' He takes too much upon him, but must know,
 ' We'll no *Allegiance* pay, as none we owe.
 Snarl on, curst *Corah*, still blaspheme and rave,
 And patient Earth, and patient Heav'n out-brave:
 Thy little Faction to the rest oppose,
 And stigmatize thy own as *Israel's* Foes.
 The day of Vengeance comes,—the blackning Sky
 With dark red Gleams declares the day of Vengeance nigh.
 With him *Abiram* and sly *Dathan* join'd,
 Plain honest Men,—the publick Good design'd:
 Mind their own business, murmur in their Tent,
 And sigh at *Moses* his Mis-government.
 Thus by a false Simplicity, with ease
 They lead the Congregation how they please.
Dathan begins,—Nor wou'd I *Egypt* chuse,
 Nor wou'd, dear Country-men! this *Manna* lose:
Moses, 'tis true, has a good Action done;
 Who envies him those Laurels which h' has won?
 Tho 'twas his Interest too we must confess,
 'Twas a brave Undertaking—ne'ertheless.
 Nor will he a free People sure inflave,
 Who ask'd his Aid from others them to save.
 Yet can't we but reflect, with *Manna* cloy'd,
 However good, on what we once enjoy'd,
Egyptian Dainties, lovely savoury Fare,—
 Garlick and Onions, in such plenty there;
 Delicates so divine, that, truth to say,
 I'd them almost adore as well as they.
 Altho the Levites tell us 'tis a Cheat
 One hour to worship what the next we eat,
 In all Religions some things dark there be,
 And this is an *Egyptian* Mystery.
 For *Pharao*—true that all things were not well,
 —He was misled—but must we then rebel?
 The Subjects, as i'th' sacred Rolls appears,
 To *Egypt's* Crown, almost four hundred Years.

Thus he, — but mad *Abiram* swears and raves,
 We will not, no by Heav'n, we won't be Slaves,
 Whom we have made, we can as soon unmake,
 And what with ease we gave, with ease can take:
 What has he done? — what mighty Action since?
Moses, — that thinking, that unthinking Prince.
 He, and his Sanhedrin, supine and still,
 What have they done that's good? how much that's ill.
 They cannot, dare not touch us, no, they fear
 That *Pharao* yet should overtake 'em here.
 I'm for a Tyrant, or an Anarchy,
Pharao my King, or I'll be King of me.
 Go on! swear, flatter, lie, dissemble, rave,
 And the next step, the very next's the Grave:
 You cannot 'scape — Nature's black horrid Womb
 Labors with Earthquakes to bring forth your Tomb.
 It rives, it gapes, you screech, you fall, you go
 To murmur with your Fellow-Fiends below.

Nor shall even Heathen *Balaam* be forgot,
 Nor his curst *Midianitish* Wives and Plot,
 (Even *Balaam's* Ass could preach, and since we find
 Taught other Brutes, the Panther and the Hind.)
 Dearly he lov'd the Wages of Deceit,
 And God's own *Israel* did, as dearly hate.
 A Sorcerer, who any thing could be,
 Transform'd, as quick as thought, t' a Bird, a Tree,
 And e'er his monstrous Shapes you thoroughly scan,
 Be that **unfeather'd two leg'd thing** a Man.
 But then what sweet, what charming Notes he sung,
 What Honey drop'd from his false *Siren* Tongue.
 Would Angels chuse in mortal Verse to raise
 Ours, and their own eternal Master's Praise,
 To *Balaam's* Words they'd tune their heav'nly Airs,
 Thy Songs, thy Language, *Balaam*, should be theirs.
 Why would'st thou *Israel* curse, ah *Balaam*! why,
 Nor with the Righteous live as well as dye?
 Why with thy soft, bewitching Arts betray
 To *Midianitish* Gods and Wives a Prey?

From Hill to Hill why didst with *Balaak* go
 To enchant and curse when Heav'n commanded No.
 Ah! hadst thou *Israel's* God indeed ador'd,
 Hadst thou in earnest fear'd th' eternal Lord,
 Thy Songs so sweet, thy Numbers so divine,
 Scarce *Moses* Song had won more Fame than thine:
 But now thy Glory sleeps in Shades profound,
 By Fate and gloomy Death encompass'd round.

Now, Muse, the smoother Arts of Praising try,
 Tho our hard Fortunes there Success deny:
 Sour all our Soul, hardly one Stroke that's fair,
 One single Line or Feature pleasing there.
 This sure will happier Images create,
 And force one short-liv'd Joy in spite of Fate.
 Together summon all that's sweet and fine,
 Let the bright Field with such calm Glories shine,
 As Fancy prints around a Form divine.
 That rosiè smile which decks a much lov'd Face,
 That Beauty ineffable, that more than humane Grace,
 Tho all together mix'd exactly be,
 Yet, God-like *Phinehas*, all come short of Thee.
 Thy Mien does Awe and Admiration move
 With such a purple Blush the Angels love:
 Just such a radiant Gloom his Face adorns
 As paints the East in Summers rising Morns;
 His Soul is in his Body well design'd,
 His Face the lively Image of his Mind:
 Of honorable Stock and ancient House;
 His Youthful Laurels shade his Manly Brows:
 No tame Passivity did him disgrace,
 Nor did his Doctrine e'er belye his Face.
 God made him Man, nor wou'd h' himself debase
 And enter of the brutish bearing Race:
 With Hand, as well as Tongue, he'd the Gainsayers strike,
 He drew both Swords, and us'd them both alike.
 His Zeal to God did rather much improve
 Than check or stifle his dear Country's Love.
 When both at once engag'd, he livelier grew,
 And double Strength from the fair Quarrel drew.

See where God's Champion does undaunted stand,
 A shining Javelin in his mighty hand,
 Stop'd Heav'n's high Arm, when it did just engage,
 And stay'd the Plague, as it began to rage.
 Eternal Praises are to *Phinehas* due,
 His Name shall live, if Truth it self be true.
 O may that God of Hosts, who oft did bless
 His rightful Arms with their deserv'd Success,
 A double Portion of his Spirit bestow
 On every meaner Priest that serves below;
 With such a noble warmth their Minds inflame,
 And grant their Courage as their Cause the same.

Fain wou'd I all the other Heroes trace,
 The Glory and the Pride of *Jacob's Race*,
 Who still'd those Murm'ers which refus'd to fight
 Against the faint devoted *Canaanite*;
Caleb and *Joshua*, and a numerous Train,
 Who never counsell'd, never fought in vain.
 But hasty Fate allows no longer stay,
 It stops my Pen, and pulls my Hand away.

And double strength from the fair Quenel drew.
 When both at once engag'd, he livelier grew,
 Than check or kiss his dear Country's Love.
 His Zeal to God did rather much improve
 He drew both Swords, and used them both alike.
 With Hand, as well as with the Quenel's like
 And enter of the princely bearing Race:
 God made him Man, nor would he himself debate
 Nor did his Doctrine e'er belie his Face.
 No name Passivity did him disgrace,
 His Youthful Lances made his Manly Shows:
 Of honorable Greek and Roman House
 His Face the lively Image of his Mind:
 His soul is in his Body well design'd
 As paints the East in Summers rising Moons;
 Just such a radiant Gloom his Face adorns
 With such a purple Blush the Angels look:
 Thy Mien does Awe and Admiration move
 Yet God-like Pity, all come from of these